

Something's Beginning

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Summary: Link Larkin's life takes an unexpected turn when he notices a certain girl in detention. Trink

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>Something's Beginning <p>Without thinking, I turn the knob and push the classroom door open. I'm vaguely aware that I am openly staring as I watch the girl with big hair, who'd been torn down by Amber and the other girls at the Corny Collins Show auditions, dance to the music with the other students. Who would have thought that she could dance like that, I wonder in awe. She isâ€|wow.

I come out of the clouds when I realize she has turned around and is looking at me. Her cheeks are flushed, eyes sparkling, and a wide smile is on her face from dancing; the boy she'd been talking to looks like he is trying not to laugh. Having her brown eyes focused on me causes words to be stolen from my mouth.

For a moment I look at the ground, trying to gather my scattered thoughts before meeting her gaze again. I nod and step into the room. "Hey," I mean to sound cool and confident as usual; instead my voice trembles slightly, betraying my nervousness. I'm never nervous, and not because of a girl. Feeling like an idiot, I plunge on, "You know, Corny's going to be at the hop tomorrow."

The girl's smile â€" what is her name again? â€" rapidly fades as I draw nearer, and she walks in a half-circle round me. Her hands are clasped tightly together, and she looks up at me sadly and uncertainly, as though expecting me to make a jab about her hair,

weight, or height. I swallow hard. I have no intention of teasing her and don't like her looking so downcast. I want her to smile again.

I glance between her and her friend. "If he saw you dancing like that, he'd put you on the show." It is the truth. Corny will go crazy once he sees her. She will add something special to the show.

The girl nods, her mouth tugging up in a small smile. An answering smile comes over my own face. I am happy at the disappearance of her sadness as a glow returns to her face. Perhaps too happy.

I am saved from the growing awkward silence between us when the bell rings loudly. I start for the door and she for her desk when we accidentally bump into one another as we pass. I jump and turn towards her again.

"S-sorry, little darlin'," I apologize, reaching out to steady her before thinking better of it and dropping my hand to my side. "Hope I didn't dent your 'do." I inspect her hair briefly. Am I blushing? Are my whirling thoughts plastered on my face? 'Cause she is looking at me strangely andâ€

I give her a quick nod before I walk out of the room as fast as I can without looking foolish. Brad's still waiting for me and gives me a weird look when I join him, but I barely notice.

Amber and other girls have told me how I make their stomachs do flip-flops when I'm near, sing, or wink. I'd just smile and shrug, having no idea what they were talking about but feeling just a little smug all the same. Back there, thoughâ€when I bumped into herâ€I felt _my_ stomach go _flip-flop_.

The students I pass are a blur. For the first time in my life I have been rendered speechless and nervous, and my stomach has done flip-flops. And all because of a girlâ€ I am more confused than I care to admit. Among all my rushing thoughts one stands out:

I hope she comes tomorrow to the hop.

THE END

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